

# DELIVERED FROM DEATH

*"An Astonishing  
Modern-Day  
Miracle"*

By  
**WILLIAM W. FREEMAN**

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Modern-Day  
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**By  
William W. Freeman**



**REV. WILLIAM W. FREEMAN**

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# INTRODUCTION

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Having received urgent requests from thousands of our friends to obtain this testimony of the miraculous healing power of God, I have made this book available to you. We trust it will be a great source of blessing and inspiration to you, of how the God of miracles still lives today; and that He is still the Great Deliverer.

*William W. Freeman*

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*"O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together." Psalms 34:3.*

In relating to you the story of one of the most crucial experiences in my life, it is my earnest desire that the Lord Jesus Christ will be magnified and His mighty name will be exalted. For it is only because of His miraculous delivering hand and His wondrous healing power that I am alive and able to relate to you this story.

Marvelous has been the workings of the Lord in my life! In the past years that I have served Him, He has showered down upon my life bountiful blessings. With His own precious blood that was shed on the cross of Calvary, He saved my soul from a life of sin and made me His child. Since that glad and glorious day, I have experienced manifold blessings from God. Highlighting the countless blessings of which I have been made recipient have been the particular times when God healed me of deadly afflictions, after doctors had declared that there was "no hope." I was dying with cancer and heart trouble, but the mighty healing power of the Lord was manifested in my body and I was completely healed from these dreaded afflictions.

Now for the past four years I have gone throughout the United States and Europe, fulfilling the commission that was given to me when the angel of the Lord appeared unto me audibly and told me "to go and stretch forth my hand and bring healing to the people." Since God

granted me this gift of healing, I have seen literally thousands upon thousands saved, healed, and wonderfully blessed as the Lord has confirmed His word with mighty miracles—the blind made to see, the deaf to hear, the lame to walk, and people with all manner of diseases and afflictions have been made every whit whole as I have gone in obedience to the Lord.

It was while I was returning to my home from the line of duty—I had just closed a campaign in Moline, Illinois—that the particular event happened that I am going to relate in this book. On the night of March 12, 1951, we concluded our final service in our campaign in Moline. God was greatly present on that closing night to open the blind eyes and perform many outstanding miracles. The following day, we made preparations to return to my home at Springfield, Missouri. For the several days prior to this Tuesday, March 13, a record-breaking snowstorm had engulfed that area of the country. As we left Moline at 12 noon that day, the roads and highways were still covered with ice and snow. Accompanying me on this journey was Don Gossett, a young minister that had been associated with my ministry in many of my campaigns across the nation.

We drove cautiously all that day and night until about one o'clock the next morning, when we stopped at a hotel in Camdenton, Missouri, which is about 90 miles from Springfield. We left that little town at about 9:30 in the morning, on that eventful day of March 14, 1951. We were very happily surprised to see that the roads were al-



most entirely cleared of the snow and ice that we had encountered earlier in the journey. Before departing from the hotel room on that morning, we had knelt and prayed and committed our lives anew into the hands of the Almighty God

With our hearts and minds centered primarily upon the Lord, and with a definite anxiety to reach our destination, we journeyed on. We were driving my 1950 Roadmaster Buick, and since that highway was seemingly clear, we were driving approximately 60 to 65 miles an hour. Shortly before we came to the town of Buffalo, Missouri, we approached the hill where that momentous event occurred. As we had just crossed over the crest of the hill, we hit a solid sheet of ice on the road. Without warning, without gravel on the ice, and completely unaware, we suddenly hit the ice. Instantly the car began to swerve in an uncontrollable manner, and despite my determined effort to avert the catastrophe by regaining control of the car; the large automobile plunged wildly off the road at the rapid rate of approximately 65 miles an hour. Although I did not remember it, the last thing I reportedly said and did was that I placed my hand on Brother Don's leg, and said, "Don." The car took a nose dive off the embankment, and over and over it went. I don't know how many times it rolled on the side. Brother Don was thrown out of the car at the first roll, but I stayed in the car until the last roll when I was thrown out. The place where I was thrown was just barely inches from where the car finally landed. I was knocked unconscious. Vividly clear,



however, is the memory of the terrific impact as the car crashed off the road. The immensity of the sound of the crash, the suddenness of the awful feeling of things hitting me in the face, and the unbearable torment of my body being beaten asunder almost; are all memories back in my mind.

Finally, when Brother Don was able to come to me, he found me lying in the snow. The car would no doubt have crushed me had it landed just a little closer to me. But I believe that right there, God reached down His great hand, and said, "Now devil, you've gone far enough; you've done all you can do; you can't go any further." A Roadmaster Buick is quite a heavy car, and had not God intervened just when He did, probably certain death would have been my fate.

I don't know how long I was unconscious before Brother Don came to my aid, but I know I felt as if I were nearly frozen in my body. Until another car came to our assistance, the only thing I remember saying was, "Don, help me. I can't get out! I can't get out!" I wasn't even in the car, but so tremendous was the deluge of the crash on my body, I knew no different.

The people in the car that stopped first insisted upon calling an ambulance, as they immediately recognized the seriousness of my injury. When they managed to get me up, I tried to walk but was unable to walk alone. I told them not to take me to a hospital, but get me to my home at Springfield. When they got me in the car, they repeat-

edly insisted on taking me to the hospital in Buffalo. When I asked them again to just take me home, they almost refused to do so until I at least had a doctor treat me. Little did I realize that I was actually suffering from a most severe brain concussion, and that my heart beat had decreased to only thirty-five beats a minute.

The folks that were taking me home were en route to California. Noting the extremely battered condition of my body, they offered me some whiskey from a bottle they had. "It will warm you up," they urged. I replied, "No, I don't drink whisky. I am a minister. I just closed a meeting in Moline, Illinois. I was on my way home when this happened today. But the Lord will take care of me." They requested again that I would allow them to take me to a hospital. "I don't want to go to any hospital," I said, "because I know the Lord will take care of me. Just a few nights ago I saw God open blind eyes and heal people of many afflictions. Just get me home."

When we arrived at my home, they told me just to sit still as they would carry me out of the car, and take me in the house. But I told them to let me get out alone, as I didn't want to scare my wife and family. But my effort to help myself was in vain! I was unable to move even a muscle in my body! Then I began to realize how serious was my condition.

When they carried me into the house, and I was placed in bed, I grew steadily worse in my condition. Oh, the untold agony I began to suffer in



my body. As I felt that I could not bear such pain very long, I sent for my children that were in school. The pain increased in terrific quantities. The afternoon was growing later, and it seemed that certain death was staring me in the face. They sent for my mother and dad and other relatives to come, as death was seemingly inevitable. My head was beaten like pulp and my back was torn inwardly. I lapsed into a semi-conscious condition for hours. All that time, I lay in the balance between death and life. Finally, when it seemed my condition was not improving, and that death would shortly have me in its power, they sent for my younger brother that is in the army, at that time stationed at Camp Cooke, California. Before they could release him to come to my bedside, the Red Cross notified us that a doctor's statement would be required, and consequently it would be necessary to have a doctor's examination of my body, to certify the condition of my body. I consented to have the doctor come to examine me in order to get my brother home, but gave my wife careful instructions not to allow them to take me to a hospital, nor that I would take any medicine or shots. I added that, "I'm working for God and my life is His. I know what He has done for me before, and I know what He has done for other people. He can heal me. If He doesn't heal me, I'm on His hands." And I meant it.

The doctor came in the evening at about six or seven o'clock. He carefully checked me, and announced that my injuries were a severe brain concussion, my spine broken in three places, broken



and ruptured vertebrae, and that ligaments were torn loose from the bones in my back.

I overheard the doctor as he told my wife, "He can't possibly get any better as he is just lying there and suffering. The only chance for him ever to improve is to put his entire torso in a cast. The best thing we can do is take him to the hospital in an ambulance, so we can properly care for him that he might have chance for recovery and improvement." Oh, how utterly desperate I felt as I lay there unable to move my body. It's such a despairing feeling to make an attempt to move your body and it just won't respond. To have your body in the terrible grip of a helpless paralysis condition is such a despondent feeling. It seemed like all my hopes were momentarily collapsed as the doctor's advice was to put my body from my shoulders down into a cast, and then it would be months before I could possibly recover.

As the doctor wrote out prescription for medicines for me to take to ease the suffering, I was still determined to trust God. After the doctor left, I told my wife that I would not take the medicines, nor have my body placed in a cast.

I lay there on that bed for four days with my body paralyzed as well as the extreme suffering that other parts of my body was almost unbearably enduring. I know what it is to be utterly helpless and your body unresponsive to any movements you might try to make. And I know the tremendous pain and suffering a person endures while others try to move your body. What killing

pains rack your body when you are in such a condition!

For 106 hours I lay there in that condition. There were times when I would become so dependent that I would cry like a baby. Seemingly every fiber in my body was racking with pain at various times, and hopelessly I would tell my wife and children "that daddy may never walk again, may never preach another sermon." But then in a few moments I would again tell them, "Jesus is going to heal me. I believe that He will."

During this time, my body became more weakened all the time. It was very few bites of food that I was able to eat during those long dreary days. Consequently, I lost thirty pounds of weight during my bedfastness.

## **A VISION OF THE LORD GIVEN TO ME**

I thank God for rays of Light in the midst of such great and terrible darkness! On the Friday morning, March 16, I had an unusual experience that I want to relate to you right here. It was in the early hours of the morning and my life was sinking rapidly. As the very life's breath began to elb away from my body, God spoke to me and said, "I will show you how easy death is for a Christian." The Lord Himself appeared to me in His bodily form. He took my hand and led me out of the room and we began to walk away side by

side. The Lord said, 'I will show you how easy it is to cross over and nothing can harm you.' We started on our journey through the valley, over the hill, through the mountain, and finally we came right to the river and the crossing. There was nothing there that could hurt me—nothing could even touch me, as it seemed that I was sealed in and it was impossible for anything to come near me. And, oh, what glories heaven did have and still has to offer! But just before I had finished my crossing over and was ready to step on the banks of the beautiful eternal shores of that land that is fairer than day; the Lord spoke to me and said, 'No, not yet.' Then He turned me around and I saw a long street filled with people suffering with some of the most horrible diseases, affliction, and sicknesses that I have ever seen. As I stretched forth my hand in obedience to the Lord and prayed for them, one after another they were miraculously made whole. Through this vision, the Lord made it known to me that He was going to heal me, and as a result I would see even greater healings performed than I ever have before. My friend, I am humbly grateful that I have seen the mighty power of the Lord perform even greater miracles of healing through my ministry than ever before. In one prayer as I have stretched forth my hand, I have seen scores of blind people receive their sight, deaf people their hearing, and healings of an almost unbelievable nature to the mortal man, take place in a greater way than ever before. How I thank God for this vision! How glorious also has it been to see Him vindicate His precious Word in such a miraculous manner!



Through this precariously vivid experience, the Lord made me to know just how easy it is for a Christian to die and leave this world. If you are saved your sins are all forgiven, and your heart right with God; you have no need for fear of death. There is no need to be afraid of death, or afraid of the grave. There will be no darkness, nor will there be any pain but rather it will be the happiest time of your life when you leave this world and step into the presence of Christ. When Paul said, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain;" that is exactly right. For the person that is saved, death has no sting the grave has no victory. There is no need whatsoever to have any fear of death for the child of God. The Lord will be there, and when you begin to leave this life, He will be by your side. He will not forsake you in the hour of death. I'm not afraid to die. Through this vision the Lord gave to me, He made me realize what death is going to be like. It won't be hard—it will be easy—it's a wonderful experience!

The main thing, my friend, is to live right before God while here upon this earth, so that nothing will prevent you from entering that holy place when death comes to take its toll in your life.

Due to my failure to improve in my condition, they wanted me to call and cancel the meeting that I was scheduled to begin on the next Tuesday night, March 20. But I told them, "No, if God wants me there in that meeting, He will heal me. I'm working for Him and my life is in His hands. If He heals me, I'll be there; if He doesn't I won't."

## THE GREAT PHYSICIAN ENTERS THE ROOM

During the entire day, Sunday, March 18, I told my wife at various times that I believed the Lord was going to heal me that very day. I just prayed that somebody would come and pray for me that day. Different people came, but no one prayed for me. One came and said, "I'm going to get alone with God and pray for you." The daylight faded away and the darkness came. I will tell you honestly that I began to get a little discouraged because I had such high hopes of being healed that day. I had believed that somebody would come and pray for me during the day.

About ten o'clock on that Sunday night, I was very weak, and was feeling worse. I asked my wife if she would pray for me. She started praying and I got my mind on God and began to praise Him. God began to bless my soul. The wonderful presence of the Lord began to fill the room. Both my wife's mother and my mother were there in the room with us. How well I do remember when I was just a small boy; how the doctors had given my mother up to die and said there was absolutely "no hope." My dad called in the Christians and they began to pray for my mother. Although I was just a boy, I still remember how the healing power of Christ came down upon her, and she leaped out of bed and shouted, "I'm healed! I'm healed!" She had come to my bedside when I was first hurt and had been there the entire time. As we all began to pray I felt the presence of God

come upon me. The power of the Lord came so real that I told my wife, "Will you help me up a little?" She propped my head up a little more and we continued to pray and adore the Lord. I then said, "Will you help me sit up in bed? I believe that I can sit up." They assisted me up in bed, and continued to pray as they held to me there. I began to pray all the more and rev. up on the Lord, and it was then that I began to feel God's mighty power come upon my body as I did when He raised me up when I was dying of cancer and heart trouble. I said to my wife, "I believe that God has healed me!" Then I said, "Turn me loose! I believe that I can sit up in bed by myself!" The power of God began to come stronger as I sat up in bed; and I said, "Honey, get hold of my legs, and lift them over the edge of this bed." They took my legs and placed them over the side of the bed. It seemed that the very person of Christ Himself was standing there in the room, and His presence literally saturated the room. His presence was so near and precious that you could reach out and touch Him. "Help me," I said, "I want to get down from off the bed." My feet touched the floor, and I began to feel life come in. Then, I began to stand there by myself. When I moved my legs, I felt the numbness that the paralysis condition had created begin to leave my limbs as the power of the living God drove the paralysis out, and life began to flow through my back, my hips, and into my legs and feet. I began to take a few steps. It seemed that I would fall on my head. But I kept on praising God. My wife and her mother and my mother were prais-



ing God. My wife's mother began to shout right in the room. I took a few more steps and praised God with every step. I then declared, "I'm going to walk again. I'm going to be there Tuesday night to preach in my meeting." I walked in the next room and woke my little boy, who was in bed. He looked so amazed, because when he went to bed, I was unable even to turn myself. Little wonder though for anyone being amazed, as I had lain there for those long, toilsome hours, unable to raise even my head from the pillow! Then I went in and woke my daughter, Mary, and she looked as if she had seen a ghost when she saw me standing there. Hallelujah! Oh, how I praised God!

That night, my friends, I did exactly as the Bible record, "then he sat down and took a little meat," to gain strength.

Those that were with me during this crucial experience know something of the agony I suffered almost constantly, and the doctor certified of the critical condition of my body; but only God knows how miserably I suffered for those days there. Whereas my head had been dangerously smashed and battered, my back and various ligaments all broken in a severe manner, and my body gripped by paralysis, the Great Physician, the Lord Jesus Christ, ministered to me and performed a mighty miracle in healing me. Yes, truly it is **AN ASTOUNDING MIRACLE IN 1951**. Multitudes that knew of my condition during those four critical days were actually astonished at the mir-

acle that I was completely healed and restored to normal.

My friends, Christ will do the very same for you if you will only trust Him. He has lost none of His power. He is the same yesterday, today, and forever. God' Word declares it in Hebrews 13:8. "YESTERDAY" when Christ was here upon the earth, He opened the blind eyes, unstopped the deaf ears, raised the dead, cleansed the lepers, and healed all manner of diseases and afflictions; "TODAY" He is still the same.

One particular incident I want to point out to you, my friend, is the fact that there was not time to pray when I saw the ill-fated catastrophe was going to happen. Had I not been already saved, prayed up, and ready to meet God; it would have been too late then. Many unsaved persons say they are counting on a "death-bed repentance." But my friend, you have no assurance that you will have the opportunity to repent of your sins in your dying hour. "Boast not thyself of tomorrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." Proverbs 27:1. My unsaved friend, you have no assurance that you will be alive another day after you have read this book. This one thing I know: that for old and young, rich and poor, Christian and sinner alike; death is coming for every person. Only those here on the earth when the Lord Jesus Christ returns in the clouds of glory to catch away His prepared people will escape death.

Notice this declaration from the Bible, "And as



**it is appointed unto men once to die**, but after this the judgment: So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation." Hebrews 9:27-28. My unsaved friend, I urge you in the name of the Lord to make your peace with God now while the opportunity is presented to you. Jesus said, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish. Luke 13:3. Repent of your sins and accept the Lord Jesus Christ into your heart as your own personal Saviour, for only a born again experience will suffice for an entrance into that place called heaven.

The God of Miracles still lives today. He will save you, He will heal you, He will meet your every need—spiritually, physically, financially, or whatever you need. "O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him." Psalms 34:8.



Springfield, Missouri  
October, 1953.

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